

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

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### Review of New Books.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NEW ROMANCE.

*Kenilworth; a Romance.* By the Author of 'Waverley,' 'Ivanhoe,' &c. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1007. Edinburgh and London, 1821.

THIS Romance, from the matchless pen of the great unknown, is published too late in the week to allow us time for much critical remark, but such of our readers as are acquainted with the history of Kenilworth Castle\*, and know any thing of the talents of the master spirit of the North, will anticipate a rich treat. No author, perhaps, ever luxuriated so much in the power of description, or threw such a charm of classic grandeur over the monuments of British antiquity as this author; while, in the portraying of the soul stirring scenes of chivalry, or in delineating the character of the humble peasant, he is no less successful. The romance of 'Kenilworth' resembles that of 'Ivanhoe' more closely than any other production of the same author; and although it has been allowed, that he is more at home in Scotia's land, yet there are few Englishmen who would not wish to see the 'old days of merry England' recorded by such a pen.

The outline of the melancholy tale on which the romance of Kenilworth is founded, is narrated at length in Ashmole's Antiquities of Berkshire, and it is alluded to in many other works which treat of the history of Queen Elizabeth's celebrated favourite, Leicester. The fair heroine is the Countess of Leicester, whose tragic fate has been the subject of an elegy, by Mickle, called *Cumnor Hall*.

The novel commences with a scene at the Black Bear Inn, in the village of Cumnor, three or four miles from Oxford, kept by Giles Gosling, 'a man of

\* As an introduction to this romance, if any one can read an introduction while a work by the author of Waverley is before him, we recommend a small pamphlet, just published, entitled 'An Historical Account of Kenilworth Castle, in the County of Warwick, with an Engraved Plan.' By J. Nightingale.

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goodly person, and of somewhat a round belly, fifty years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter.' To this inn, Michael Lambourne, the landlord's nephew, a hopeless vagabond, 'a swasher, and a desperate Dick,' returns from serving with the Spaniards: and here also a young gentleman, of the name of Tressilian, has taken up his residence. The company of the inn get very merry, and Lambourne enquires of the guests the fate of many of his accomplices in guilt. The scene is well drawn, but we only select a brief extract. 'Goldthred, the cutting mercer,' sings a song:—

"There is savour in this, my heart," said Michael, when the mercer had finished his song, "and some goodness seems left among you yet—but what a beadroll you have read me of old comrades, and to every man's name tacked some ill-omened motto! And so Swashing Will of Wallingford hath bid us good night?"

"He died the death of a fat buck," said one of the party, "being shot with a cross-bow bolt, by old Thatcham, the duke's stout park-keeper at Donnington Castle."

"Ay, he always loved venison well," replied Michael, "and a cup of claret to boot—and so here's one to his memory. Do me right, my masters."

"When the health of this departed worthy had been duly honoured, Lambourne proceeded to inquire after Prance of Padworth."

"Pranced off—made immortal ten years since," said the mercer; "marry, sir, Oxford Castle and Goodman Thong, and a tenpenny-worth of cord, best know how."

"What, so they hung poor Prance high and dry? so much for loving to walk by moonlight—a cup to his memory, my masters—all merry fellows like moonlight. What has become of Hal with the plume?—he who lived near Yattendon, and wore the long feather—I forget his name."

"What, Hal Hempseed?" replied the mercer, "why, you may remember he was a sort of a gentleman, and would meddle in state matters, and so he got into the mire about the Duke of Norfolk's matter, these two or three years since, fled

the country with a pursuivant's warrant at his heels, and has never since been heard of."

"Nay, after these baulks," said Michael Lambourne, "I need hardly inquire after Tony Foster; for when rope, and cross-bow shafts, and pursuivant's warrants, and such like gear, were so rife, Tony could hardly 'scape them."

"Which, Tony Foster mean you?" said the inn-keeper.

"Why, he they called Tony Fire-the-Faggot, because he brought a light to kindle the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when the wind blew out Jack Thong's torch, and no man else would give him light for love or money."

"Tony Foster lives and thrives," said the host—"But, kinsman, I would not have you call him Tony Fire-the-Faggot, if you would not brook the stab."

"How! is he grown ashamed on't?" said Lambourne; "why, he was wont to boast of it, and say he liked as well to see a roasted heretic as a roasted ox."

"Ay, but, kinsman, that was in Mary's time," replied the landlord, "when Tony's father was Reeve here to the Abbot of Abingdon. But since that, Tony married a pure precisian, and is as good a Protestant, I warrant you, as the best."

"And looks grave, and holds his head high, and scorns his old companions," said the mercer.

"Then he hath prospered, I warrant him," said Lambourne; "for ever when a man hath got nobles of his own, he keeps out of the way of those whose exchequers lie in other men's purchase."

"Prospered, quotha!" said the mercer, "why, you remember Cumnor Place, the old mansion-house beside the church yard."

"By the same token, I robbed the orchard three times—what of that?—it was the old Abbot's residence when there was plague or sickness at Abingdon."

"Ay, said the host, "but that has been long over; and Anthony Foster hath a right in it, and lives there by some grant from a great courtier, who had the churchlands from the crown; and there he dwells, and has as little to do with any poor wight in Cumnor, as if he were himself a belted knight."

"Nay," said the mercer, "it is not altogether pride in Tony neither—there is a fair lady in the case, and Tony will scarce let the light of day look on her."

"How," said Tressilian, who no the first time interfered in their con-



tion, "did ye not say this Foster was married, and to a precisian."

"Married he was, and to as bitter a precisian as ever eat flesh in Lent; and a cat-and-dog life she led with Tony, as men said. But she is dead, rest be with her, and Tony hath but a slip of a daughter; so it is thought he means to wed this stranger, that men keep such a coil about."

"And why so?—I mean, why do they keep a coil about her?" said Tressilian.

"Why, I wot not," answered the host, "except that men say she is as beautiful as an angel, and no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is kept so closely mewed up."

Foster is a man who had been one of Queen Mary's papists and afterwards one of Queen Elizabeth's protestants; he had lighted the faggots for burning Latimer, and, though formerly poor, was now rich, and lived as master of the manor house. Lambourne had made a wager that he would go to Foster's house, and get introduced to the fair guest. Tressilian agreed to accompany him; and while Foster and Michael had retired to talk over old crimes and plan new ones, Tressilian encountered the fair lady Amy Robsart, the heroine of the novel, to whom he had been attached and was now seeking. While he is advising her to quit the place with him, they are interrupted by Lambourne and Foster; Tressilian is ordered to quit the house, in doing which he encounters a cavalier muffled in his riding cloak, who proves to be Varney, an attendant of the Earl of Leicester and an important agent in this drama. Tressilian and Varney fight, and the latter would have received his death blow had not Lambourne come to his aid.

Varney is the bearer of a present from his master and a letter to 'the Queen of his affections', announcing that he will visit her that evening. Varney had been so much the confidant of Leicester in this love affair with Amy, that he had been accused of carrying her off, and was afterwards charged as her seducer. The rooms at Cumnor had been splendidly fitted up for the residence of Amy, who was in fact married to England's proudest earl, Leicester, although it was not publicly known or avowed. The Earl arrived and was received with raptures by his wife; the interview between them is delightfully drawn, particularly where, with childish wonder and rustic simplicity, she mixes the most tender and conjugal affection, and admires from head to foot the noble form and princely attire of her Lord:—

"I wished to see my earl visit this obscure and secret bower," said the count-

ess, "in all his princely array; and now, methinks, I long to sit in one of his princely halls, and see him enter dressed in sober russet, as when he won poor Amy Robsart's heart."

"That is a wish easily granted," said the earl—"the sober russet shall be donned to-morrow if you will."

"But shall I," said the lady, "go with you to one of your castles, to see how the richness of your dwelling will correspond with your peasant habit?"

"Why, Amy," said the earl, looking around, "are not these apartments decorated with sufficient splendour? I gave them the most unbounded order, and, methinks, it has been indifferently well obeyed—but if thou canst tell me aught which remains to be done, I will instantly give direction."

"Nay, my lord, now you mock me," replied the countess; "the gaiety of this rich lodging exceeds my imagination as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love—at least one day soon—be surrounded with the honour, which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor from the silks and jewels with which your generosity adorns her, but which is attached to her place among the matronage, as the avowed wife of England's noblest earl?"

"One day?" said her husband,—"Yes, Amy, my love, one day this shall surely happen; and, believe me, thou canst not wish for that day more fondly than I. With what rapture could I retire from labours of state, and cares and toils of ambition, to spend my life in dignity and honour on my own broad domains, with thee, my lovely Amy, for my friend and companion! But, Amy, this cannot yet be; and these dear but stolen interviews are all I can give to the loveliest and the best beloved of her sex."

"But why can it not be?" urged the countess, in the softest tones of persuasion,—"why can it not immediately take place—this more perfect, this uninterrupted union, for which you say you wish, and which the laws of God and man alike command?—Ah! did you but desire it half so much as you say, mighty and favoured as you are, who or what should bar your attaining your wish?"

The earl's brow was overcast.

"Amy," he said, "you speak of what you understand not. We that toil in courts are like those who climb a mountain of loose land—we dare make no halt until some projecting rock afford us a secure stance and resting place—if we pause sooner, we slide down by our own weight, an object of universal derision. I stand high, but I stand not secure enough to follow my own inclination. To declare my marriage, were to be the artificer of my own ruin. But, believe me, I will reach a point, and that speedily, when I can do justice to thee and to myself. Meantime, poison not the bliss of the present moment, by desiring that which cannot at present be."

Varney is a strong headed artful knave, capable of any mischief to forward his ambition; he urges Leicester to seek the hand of majesty itself, confident that, however high his master climbs he must drag Richard Varney along with him. The Countess having been informed by Tressilian that her father was ill, entreats the Earl that she might communicate the secret of her marriage to him; the Earl objects to her visiting her father, expressing some jealous fears of Tressilian, her former admirer. The Earl takes his departure for Woodstock next morning, accompanied by Varney and Lambourne, whom he had engaged in his service.

Tressilian, after his interview with the Countess, returned to the inn, but refused all further acquaintance with Lambourne. After he had retired to rest, his host, Giles Gosling, entered his room, and warned him against his nephew. Tressilian, in confidence, told him the tale of the Countess, to whom he had been secretly contracted, but that she had been suddenly carried off from the house of her father, Sir Hugh Robsart, and it was believed by Varney. Tressilian is induced to quit the inn during the night; in traversing along crooked lanes and bye-ways, as directed by his host, his horse loses a shoe, and, on inquiring for a smith, he meets with a pedagogue, Master Erasmus Holiday, whose person is thus described:—

"A long, lean, shambling, stooping figure, was surmounted by a head thatched with lank black hair somewhat inclining to grey. His features had the cast of habitual authority, which I suppose Dionysius carried with him from the throne to the schoolmaster's pulpit, and bequeathed as a legacy to all of the same profession. A black buckram cassock was gathered at his middle with a belt, at which hung, instead of knife or weapon, a goodly leather pen-and-ink-case. His ferula was stuck on the other side, like harlequin's wooden sword; and he carried in his hand the tattered volume which he had been busily perusing."

The account of himself, as related to Tressilian, is one of those happy sketches in which our author is so successful. Tressilian only wanted to know where he could get his horse shod, but the man of letters could not give that information without prefacing it with a full half hour of his own history, and that of a Doctor Doboobre. We can only give the commencement of Magister Holiday's narration:—

"He was born at Hogsnorton, where, according to popular saying, the pigs play upon the organ; a proverb which he interpreted allegorically, as having reference



to the herd of Epicurus, of which Horace confessed himself a partner. His name of Erasmus, he derived partly from his father having been the son of a renowned washerwoman, who held that great scholar in clean linen all the while he was at Oxford; a task of some difficulty, as he was only possessed of two shirts, "the one," as she expressed herself, "to wash the other." The vestiges of one of these *camiciæ*, as Master Holiday boasted, were still in his possession, having fortunately been detained by his grandmother to cover the balance of her bill. But he thought there was a still higher and overruling cause for his having had the name of Erasmus conferred upon him, namely, the secret presentiment of his mother's mind, that, in the babe to be christened, was a hidden genius, which should one day lead him to rival the fame of the great scholar of Amsterdam. The schoolmaster's surname led him as far into dissertation as his Christian appellative. He was inclined to think that he bore the name of Holiday *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, because he gave such few holidays to his school; "Hence," said he, "the schoolmaster is termed, classically, *Ludi Magister*, because he deprives boys of their play." And yet, on the other hand, he thought it might bear a very different interpretation, and refer to his own exquisite art in arranging pageants, morris-dances, May-day festivities, and such like holiday delights, for which he assured Tressilian he had positively the purest and the most inventive brain in England; insomuch, that his cunning in framing such pleasures had made him known to many honourable persons, both in country and court, and especially to the noble Earl of Leicester—"And although he may now seem to forget me," he said, "in the multitude of state affairs, yet I am well assured, that had he some pretty pastime to array for entertainment of the Queen's grace, horse and man would be seeking the humble cottage of Erasmus Holiday. *Parvo contentus*, in the meanwhile, I hear my pupils parse and construe, worshipful sir, and drive away my time with the aid of the Muses. And I have at all times, when in correspondence with foreign scholars, subscribed myself Erasmus ab Die Fausto, and have enjoyed the distinction due to the learned under that title; witness the erudite Diedrichus Buckerschockius, who dedicated to me, under that title, his treatise on the letter *tau*. In fine, sir, I have been a happy and distinguished man."

"Long may it be so, sir," said the traveller; "but permit me to ask, in your own learned phrase, *quid hoc ad Iphycli boves*, what has all this to do with the shoeing of my poor nag?"

"*Festina lente*," said the man of learning, "we will presently come to that point."

This Dr. Doboobie, a man of bad character, had a servant, Wayland, who, after the death of his master, turned

smith; to him Tressilian was recommended. This Wayland Smith is an uncouth and mysterious personage, who never wishes to see his customers, but exacts from them that they shall lay their groat on a stone, retire at some distance, and never look at him, while he does the necessary work. Tressilian determined on having some conversation with him at all hazards, and follows him into a subterraneous cell, where he learns his history. Smith had been apprentice to a juggler, and told the fortune of Tressilian's favourite, of whom he brought a painful remembrance. He was afterwards on the stage, and performed at the Black Bull, the Globe, and the Fortune, before he became half partner, half domestic, to the 'physicianer.' Cured of his alchemy, he would fain have returned to his former occupation of smith, but no one 'would bring a horse to be shod at the devil's post.' His debtors would not pay him, and he was afraid of his creditors, which was the cause of his living in concealment. Tressilian agrees to take Wayland along with him to Lidcote Hall, the seat of Sir Hugh Robsart. The good knight has suffered much from the loss of his daughter, particularly as he was unacquainted with her fate. Tressilian approached him:—

"I will ask thee no questions," said the old knight; "no questions—none, Edmund—thou hast not found her, or so found her, that she were better lost."

Tressilian was unable to reply, otherwise than by putting his hands before his face.

"It is enough—it is enough. But do not thou weep for her, Edmund. I have cause to weep, for she was my daughter,—thou hast cause to rejoice, that she did not become thy wife.—Great God! thou knowest best what is good for us.—It was my nightly prayer that I should see Amy and Edmund wedded,—had it been granted, it had now been gall added to bitterness."

"Be comforted, my friend," said the curate, addressing Sir Hugh, "it cannot be that the daughter of all our hopes and affections is the vile creature you would bespeak her."

"O, no," replied Sir Hugh, impatiently, "I were wrong to name broadly the base thing she is become—there is some new court name for it, I warrant me. It is honour enough for the daughter of an old De'nshire clown to be the lemman of a gay courtier,—of Varney too,—of Varney, whose grandsire was relieved by my father, when his fortune was broken, at the battle of—the battle of—where Richard was slain—out on my memory—and I warrant none of you will help me."

"The battle of Bosworth," said Master Mumblazen, "stricken between Richard Crookback and Henry Tudor, grandsire of the Queen that now is, Primo Henrici Septimi; and in the year 1485, *post Christum natum*."

Wayland, by his skill in medicine, administers a sedative draught to Sir Hugh, which does him much good. It is then determined, that Tressilian, being invested with sufficient powers, shall repair to Court to claim the lost Amy. While he is preparing for his departure, a messenger arrives from the Earl of Sussex, invites him to repair to him immediately at Say's Court, near Deptford; and he sets off, accompanied by Wayland and the messenger.

We shall not, for the present, pursue the story farther, but extract a scene between the artful Varney and the ambitious Leicester, which may be said to lay the ground-work for the catastrophe: viz. the death of the unfortunate Amy, Countess of Leicester, by Varney and the wretch Foster. Queen Elizabeth had been to Say's Court, to reconcile the rival Earls Leicester and Sussex:—

When Leicester returned to his lodging, after a day so important and so harassing, in which, after riding out more than one gale, and touching on more than one shoal, his bark had finally gained the harbour with banner displayed, he seemed to experience as much fatigue as a mariner after a perilous storm. He spoke not a word while his chamberlain exchanged his rich court-mantle for a furred night-robe, and when this officer signified that Master Varney desired to speak with his lordship, he replied only by a sullen nod. Varney, however, entered, accepting this signal as a permission, and the chamberlain withdrew.

The earl remained silent and almost motionless in his chair, his head reclined on his hand, and his elbow resting upon the table which stood beside him, without seeming to be conscious of the entrance or of the presence of his confidant. Varney waited for some minutes until he should speak, desirous to know what was the finally predominant mood of a mind, through which so many powerful emotions had that day taken their course. But he waited in vain, for Leicester continued still silent, and the confidant saw himself under the necessity of being the first to speak. "May I congratulate your lordship," he said, "on the very deserved superiority you have this day attained over your most formidable rival?"

Leicester raised his head, and answered sadly, but without anger, "Thou, Varney, whose ready invention has involved me in a web of most mean and perilous falsehood, knowest best what



reason there is for gratulation on the subject."

"Do you blame me, my lord," said Varney, "for not betraying, on the first push, the secret on which your fortunes depended, and which you have so oft and so earnestly recommended to my safe keeping? Your lordship was present in person, and might have contradicted me and ruined yourself by an avowal of the truth; but surely it was no part of a faithful servant to have done so without your commands."

"I cannot deny it, Varney," said the earl, rising and walking across the room; "my own ambition has been traitor to my love."

"Say rather, my lord, that your love has been traitor to your greatness, and barred you from such a prospect of honour and power as the world cannot offer to any other. To make my honoured lady a countess, you have missed the chance of being yourself."

He paused, and seemed unwilling to complete the sentence.

"Of being myself *what*?" demanded Leicester; "speak out thy meaning, Varney."

"Of being yourself a KING, my lord," replied Varney; "and King of England to boot!—It is no treason to our Queen to say so. It would have chanced by her obtaining that which all true subjects wish her—a lusty, noble, and gallant husband."

"Thou ravest, Varney," answered Leicester. "Besides, our times have seen enough to make men loath the crown matrimonial which men take from their wives' lap. There was Darnley in Scotland."

"He!" said Varney; "a gull, a fool, a thrice sodden ass, who suffered himself to be fired off in the air like a rocket on a rejoicing day. Had Mary had the hap to have wedded the noble earl, once destined to share her throne, she had experienced a husband of different metal; and her husband had found in her a wife as complying and loving as the mate of the meanest squire, who follows the hounds a horseback, and holds her husband's bridle as he mounts."

"It might have been as thou say'st, Varney," said Leicester, a brief smile of self-satisfaction passing over his anxious countenance. "Henry Darnley knew little of women—with Mary, a man who knew her sex, might have had some chance of holding his own. But not with Elizabeth, Varney—for I think, God, when he gave her the heart of a woman, gave her the head of a man to control its follies.—No, I know her.—She will accept love-tokens, ay, and requite them with the like—put sugared sonnets in her bosom—ay, and answer them too—push gallantry to the very verge where it becomes exchange of affection; but she writes *nil ultra* to all which is to follow, and would not barter one iota of her own supreme power for all the alphabet of both Cupid and Hymen."

"The better for you, my lord," said Varney, "that is, in the case supposed, if such be her disposition; since you think you cannot aspire to become her husband. Her favourite you are, and may remain, if the lady at Cumnor Place remains in her present obscurity."

"Poor Amy!" said Leicester, with a deep sigh; "she desired so earnestly to be acknowledged in presence of God and man!"

"Ay, but my lord," said Varney, "is her desire reasonable?—that is the question. Her religious scruples are solved—she is an honoured and beloved wife—enjoying the society of her husband at such times as his weightier duties permit him to afford her his company. What would she more? I am right sure that a lady so gentle and so loving would consent to live her life through in a certain obscurity, which is, after all, not dimmer than when she was at Lidcote Hall,—rather than diminish the least jot of her lord's honours and greatness by a premature attempt to share them."

"There is something in what thou say'st," said Leicester; "and her appearance here were fatal, yet she must be seen at Kenilworth, Elizabeth will not forget that she has so appointed."

"Let me sleep on that hard point," said Varney; "I cannot else perfect the device I have on the stithy, which I trust will satisfy the Queen and please my honoured lady, yet leave this fatal secret where it is now buried.—Has your lordship further commands for the night?"

"I would be alone," said Leicester. "Leave me, and place my steel casket on the table.—Be within summons."

Varney retired; and the earl, opening the window of his apartment, looked out long and anxiously upon the brilliant host of stars which glimmered in the brilliance of a summer firmament. The words burst from him as at unawares—"I had never more need that the heavenly bodies should befriend me, for my earthly path is darkened and confused."

It is well known that the age reposed a deep confidence in the vain predictions of judicial astrology, and Leicester, though exempt from the general control of superstition, was not in this respect superior to his time; but, on the contrary, was remarkable for the encouragement which he gave to the professors of this pretended science. Indeed, the wish to pry into futurity, so general among the human race of every description, is peculiarly to be found amongst those who trade in state mysteries, and the dangerous intrigues and cabals of courts. With heedful precaution to see that it had not been opened, or its locks tampered with, Leicester applied a key to the steel casket, and drew from it, first, a parcel of gold pieces, which he put into a silk purse: then a parchment, inscribed with planetary signs, and the lines and calculations used in framing horoscopes, on which he gazed intently for a few moments; and, lastly, took forth a large

key, which, lifting aside the tapestry, he applied to a little concealed door in the corner of the apartment, and, opening it, disclosed a stair constructed in the thickness of the wall.

"Alasco," said the earl, with a voice raised, yet no higher raised than to be heard by the inhabitant of the small turret to which the stair conducted—"Alasco, I say, descend."

"I come, my lord," answered a voice from above. The foot of an aged man was heard, slowly descending the narrow stair, and Alasco entered the earl's apartment. The astrologer was a little man—and seemed much advanced in age, for his beard was long and white, and reached over his black doublet down to his silken girdle. His hair was of the same venerable hue. But his eye-brows were as dark as the keen and piercing black eyes which they shaded, and this peculiarity gave a wild and singular cast to the physiognomy of the old man. His cheek was still fresh and ruddy, and the eyes we have mentioned resembled those of a rat, in acuteness, and even fierceness of expression. His manner was not without a sort of dignity; and the interpreter of the stars, though respectful, seemed altogether at his ease, and even assumed a tone of instruction and command, in conversing with the prime favourite of Elizabeth.

"Your prognostications have failed, Alasco," said the earl, when they had exchanged salutations—"He is recovering."

"My son," replied the astrologer, "let me remind you, I warranted not his death—nor is there any prognostication that can be derived from the heavenly bodies, their aspects, and their conjunctions, which is not liable to be controlled by the will of Heaven. *Astrægant homines, sed regit astra Deus.*"

"Of what avail, then, is your mystery?" replied the earl.

"Of much, my son," replied the old man, "since it can shew the natural and probable course of events, although that course moves in subordination to an higher power. Thus, in reviewing the horoscope which your lordship subjected to my skill, you will observe that Saturn, being in the sixth house in opposition to Mars, retrograde in the house of life, cannot but denote long and dangerous sickness, the issue whereof is in the will of Heaven, though death may, probably, be inferred—Yet if I knew the name of the party, I would erect another scheme."

"His name is a secret," said the earl; "yet, I must own, thy prognostication hath not been unfaithful. He has been sick, and dangerously so, not however to death. But hast thou again cast my horoscope as Varney directed thee, and art thou prepared to say what the stars tell of my present fortune?"

"My heart stands at your command," said the old man: "and here, my son, is the map of thy fortunes, brilliant in aspect as ever beamed from those blessed signs whereby our life is influenced, yet



not unchequered with fears, difficulties, and dangers."

"My lot were more than mortal were it otherwise," said the earl; "proceed father, and believe you speak with one ready to undergo his destiny in action and in passion, as may beseem a noble of England."

"Thy courage to do and to suffer, must be wound up yet a strain higher," said the old man. "The stars intimate yet a prouder title, yet a higher rank. It is for thee to guess their meaning, not for me to name it."

"Name it, I conjure you—name it, I command you," said the earl, his eyes brightening as he spoke.

"I may not, and I will not," replied the old man. "The ire of princes is as the wrath of the lion. But mark, and judge for thyself. Here Venus, ascendant in the House of Life, and conjoined with Sol, showers down that flood of silver light, blent with gold, which promises power, wealth, dignity, all that the proud heart of man desires, and in such abundance, that never the future Augustus of that old and mighty Rome heard from his *Haruspices* such a tale of glory, as from this rich text my lore might read to my favourite son."

"Thou doest but jest with me, father," said the earl, astonished at the strain of enthusiasm in which the astrologer delivered his prediction.

"Is it for him to jest who hath his eye on heaven, who hath his foot on the grave?" returned the old man, solemnly.

The Earl made two or three strides through the apartment, with his hand outstretched, as one who follows the beckoning signal of some phantom, waving him on to deeds of high import. As he turned, however, he caught the eye of the astrologer fixed on him, while an observing glance of the most shrewd penetration shot from under the penthouse of his shaggy white eye-brows. Leicester's haughty and suspicious soul at once caught fire; he darted towards the old man from the further end of the lofty apartment, only standing still when his extended hand was within a foot of the astrologer's body.

"Wretch!" he said, "if you dare to palter with me, I will have your skin stripped from your living flesh!—Confess thou hast been hired to deceive and to betray me—that thou art a cheat, and I thy silly prey and booty!"

The old man exhibited some symptoms of emotion, but not more than the furious deportment of his patron might have extorted from innocence itself.

"What means this violence, my lord?" he answered, "or in what can I have deserved it at your hand?"

"Give me proof," said the Earl, vehemently, "that you have not tampered with mine enemies."

"My lord," replied the old man, with dignity, "you can have no better proof than that which you yourself elected. In that turret I have spent the last

twenty-four hours, under the key which has been in your own custody. The hours of darkness I have spent in gazing on the heavenly bodies with these dim eyes, and during those of light I have toiled this aged brain to complete the calculation arising from their combinations. Earthly food I have not tasted—earthly voice I have not heard—You are yourself aware I had no means of doing so—and yet I tell you—I who have been thus shut up in solitude and study—that within these twenty-four hours your star has become predominant in the horizon, and either the bright book of heaven speaks false, or there must have been a proportionate revolution in your fortunes upon earth. If nothing has happened within that space to secure your power, or advance your favour, then am I indeed a cheat, and the divine art, which was first devised in the plains of Chaldaea, is a foul imposture."

"It is true," said Leicester, after a moment's reflection, "thou wert closely immured—and it is also true that the change has taken place in my situation which thou sayest the horoscope indicates."

"Wherefore this distrust, then, my son," said the astrologer, assuming a tone of admonition; "the celestial intelligences brook not diffidence, even in their favourites."

"Peace, father," answered Leicester, "I erred. Not to mortal man, nor to celestial intelligence—under that which is Supreme—will Dudley's lips say more in condescension or apology. Speak rather to the present purpose—Amid these bright promises thou hast said there was a threatening aspect—Can thy skill tell whence, or by whose means, such danger seems to impend?"

"Thus far only," answered the astrologer, "does my art enable me to answer your query. The infortune is threatened by the malignant and adverse aspect, through means of a youth,—and, as I think, a rival; but whether in love or in prince's favour, I know not; nor can I give farther indication respecting him, save that he comes from the western quarter."

"The western—ha!" replied Leicester, "it is enough—the tempest does indeed brew in that quarter!—Cornwall and Devon—Raleigh and Tressilian—one of them is indicated—I must beware of both.—Father, if I have done thy skill injustice, I will make thee a lordly recompense."

He took a purse of gold from the strong casket which stood before him—"Have thou double the recompense which Varney promised.—Be faithful—be secret—obey the directions thou shalt receive from my master of the horse, and grudge not a little seclusion or restraint in my cause—it shall be richly considered.—Here, Varney—conduct this venerable man to thine own lodging—tend him heedfully in all things, but see that he holds communication with no one."

(To be concluded in our next.)

*The Life of Voltaire, with interesting Particulars respecting his Death, and Anecdotes and Characters of his Contemporaries.* By Frank Hall Standish, Esq. 8vo. pp. 393. London, 1821.

IT is a trite observation, that the life of an author is to be found in his works; but, if the biographer adopts such a maxim, he will only make an article of bibliography: this has been felt by many, who, falling into the opposite extreme, have merely compiled a series of anecdotes. Both these systems are, in our opinion, equally remote from the real nature of biography, which should contain a faithful portrait of its subject in his public and private capacity, as a scholar and as a man. He should be pointed out as an example to follow or avoid; for, if biography have not a moral lesson in view, it is worse than useless. If such be the real character of biography, we are compelled to avow that our author has not come up to the idea. His work is a mass of materials, collected from various sources, which he has neither been at the pains to connect nor harmonize. On no occasion does he identify himself with his subject; he is, by turns, a weak advocate and a feeble adversary: his admiration is tame, and his censure spiritless; the same equivocal character reigns as to his religious opinions; he is a professor of Deism and Christianity by turns;—indeed, he seems to have no fixed principles in either politics or religion, and it is not uncommon to find him begin a digression in one principle and write himself into another before its close: if we add to these, the frequency of bad grammar and the redundancy of false images, with, here and there, real beauties of a superior order, but which lose their merit by being misplaced, we have a pretty correct idea of the life of Voltaire by Frank Hall Standish, Esq. Yet, with all these faults, our author has contrived to make an amusing anecdotic work, but which is any thing but a biography of Voltaire.

Mr. Standish commences with an introductory chapter 'on the state of France during the 16th and 17th centuries, to enable the readers more completely to appreciate the miseries under which that nation laboured previous to the appearance of Voltaire.' Such an essay, if properly written, would be a valuable document and a proper vestibule to the monument he proposed to erect to the memory of Voltaire; but,



alas, our author has merely selected a few isolated facts, which are far from displaying the state and progress of opinion in France during that period. The head lines of some of the pages shall supply the place of criticism:—‘Reformation,’—‘Invention of Printing,’—‘Sale of Indulgences,’—‘Birth of Luther,’—‘Order of the Augustins,’—‘Calvin,’—‘Progress of Superstition,’—‘Profession of Magic,’—‘Laws against Duelling,’ &c. &c. We will only make one remark on this heterogeneous mass of materials; it is, that our author has discovered that the art of printing was known to the Romans, and cites Cicero de Natura Deorum. We should have been more obliged to him had he cited the passage instead of the title of the work.

We now enter upon the life of Voltaire: the author's account of his youth is very fairly related, but he seems anxious, at every moment, to fly off at a tangent: at every proper name he abandons his subject to tell you some particulars of the person named; thus, he cannot refrain from giving us ‘the life of Moliere, his literary productions, &c. to his death;’ next follows a digression upon the Jesuits, inserted, apparently, to inculcate the doctrines that, ‘if even the deadliness of envy or malice entirely occupied the human breast, its excess has been found among the clergy—and priests, like women, are seldom satisfied but with the extermination of the object of their hatred.’

Mr. Standish is a bold man thus, in one sacrificing clause, to declare war against the representatives of the divinity in heaven and our divinities on earth; for our part, we had rather quarrel with all the world beside than with those two classes: but, as Rabelais said to his lawyer, *retournons à nos moutons*, where is Voltaire? be patient, reader, our author has first to make the following remarks on satire:—

‘A libel is the natural offspring of a weak head and corrupt heart, and is sometimes to be found still emanating even from a christian teacher, or protestant clergyman of the present century.

‘High birth, unattended by riches or by talents much as it may adorn a drawing-room or add to the splendour of a court, and conduce to the good reception of the possessor among persons of the same rank, attracts little notice and little envy from others: but money or wit pays heavier tribute to censure, than the social qualities of the owner, whoever he may be, can redeem. He who occupies a situation independent of the world, is regarded with distrust both by his superiors and inferiors; they hate because

they envy him; and the lips that flatter his foibles, proclaim to the world the follies of his unguarded confidence. Eminence of every description has this cup of bitterness; history relates that the head of Jesus was crowned with thorns. Yet, while we bow to the rod of fate, we must hesitate to what divinity to ascribe the attributes of our existence. The fire of youth, like the freedom of an impetuous horse, may spring indignant from the spur of injustice; even that is less felt the longer we live, and the more it is used; and, at last, we fall into a quiet and indifferent scepticism as to what others say, or feel, or think. The clergy may boast that insensibility is the precious fruit of piety and devotion,—the unprotected can tell envy, malice, and persecution, to be evils incident to humanity.’

We confess we do not see what the passion of our Saviour and the new fact, that insensibility is the precious fruit of piety and devotion, have to do with either Voltaire or satire; but, perhaps, in the next edition, our author will tell us.

Our author now condescends to return to Voltaire; but, in an instant, he flies off to give us the lives of the Duke de Richelieu, Baron Goertz, and the Marquise de Villars: this would all be amusing enough if we were not anxiously expecting a life of Voltaire. We presume Mr. Standish has not been to court, as he would then have learnt that a superior is not presented to an inferior; but vice versa.

In 1736, Voltaire published his Epistle to Urania: ‘the persecutions of the time rendered subterfuge necessary; the author was obliged to disavow his work, and attribute it to the Abbé de Chanlieu:’ how does the biographer vindicate this conduct of Voltaire? Why, he tells us that this species of *concealment* (is this the right word?) may be allowed in literary compositions, and that this work, of pure deistical principles, ‘could not have the tendency of hurting the Abbé's character as a Christian or a scholar.’ We apprehend that neither of the parties would feel flattered by this apology and explanation. A layman writes against revealed religion and attributes it to a priest, as it cannot hurt his character! for, says he,—

‘The clergy were, and always have been, more eager for the temporal punishment of a heretic than his eternal damnation. Those who discussed the opinions which they maintained, and were alone supposed able to defend them, were persecuted with all the bitterness of insatiable malice and perverted zeal; and thus the pure stream of unity and brotherly love, which springs from the Gos-

pel, like the waters from a high mountain whose head is concealed by clouds, becomes disturbed and contaminated in its course through the human heart. It is rather singular, that, among those men, the practice of moderation should fall so far short of the precept, and that they should be so desirous of mingling together divine and human things,—a practice from which every good Christian ought to abstain.’

We may here take occasion to reprobate the author's propensity to gross and indelicate ideas clad in similar expressions. We are not now in the age of Moliere and Dryden, and if our morals be not improved, at least, the sense of shame is more acute; and few but Mr. Standish would venture to offend the ear of delicacy either in writing or conversation, which, to say the least of it, is bad taste.

We turn with pleasure to a passage which displays our author in a more advantageous point of view; it is on the feelings of a person returning from exile:—

‘After a residence of three years in England, the voice of friendship, or perhaps of the minister, recalled Voltaire to Paris. He yielded to its entreaties, and more especially to that natural and spontaneous instinct which always recalls us with pleasure to the place of our birth, and which has its charms, in spite of whatever injustice or inconveniences we may have there experienced. The theorist may speculate in his closet, or the politician may devise schemes for the more perfect government of the kingdom from which he is an exile; but the heart of the father and the friend will overflow at the mention of the welfare of that land, in which he spent the earlier part of a life, which may have been subsequently varied by good or evil; where he first estimated the blessings of those to whom he looked up with gratitude and with awe, before he could comprehend the attributes of a superior Being, and to those early recollections which promised bright days of future happiness with those who have been subsequently separated by distance or by death.’

This passage is not devoid of the general faults of the author, but were his general sentiments as unexceptionable, our task would be less painful; and we cannot but deprecate the idea, taken as a general thesis, that ‘the death of a father is the most secret and sincere wish of an expectant son:’ and placed, as it is, in relation with that event happening to Voltaire's father, it implies a slander on Voltaire which we know to be unfounded; but this is the mischief of our author's constant effort at moralizing, and giving ‘opinions exclusively his own,’ and some of them are whim-



sical enough: 'when a prosecuted man forgets his injuries, the state ought to remit the cause of complaint,' p. 136; 'this Debose, whose name has since ended as it began,' p. 137; there is, doubtless, some wit intended here, if we had wit enough to find it out. 'The representations of the stage form a means of communication between men who labour after the acquirement of knowledge, or are engaged in the pursuit of pleasure,' p. 145; 'the feelings of affection die away with those of indifference,' p. 145; 'a rod may be prepared for the back of fools, even by an inferior pen,' p. 151; cum multis aliis.

Voltaire's disgust for the world and the consequent change of his conduct forms an admirable contrast with the silly nonsense we have just quoted; we give it with pleasure:—

'Wearied with the persecutions which his works excited; disgusted with the insolence and vanity of other writers; disappointed, perhaps, in his intercourse with the great; and smarting under the criticism of his contemporaries; he thought it necessary to change his mode of life. The fortune which descended to him from his father, and which had been subsequently increased, was ample. Thus, to the advantages of possessing wealth, he added that of being indebted for it to himself, and its use, although it could not defeat envy, secured him the means of escaping from unjust oppression. Ancient philosophers praised poverty, because they made a merit of necessity, or because riches led to confiscation; and their limited intercourse with foreign countries rendered the secret conveyance of property dangerous and uncertain. Their dealings were mostly confined to their own cities and their own countrymen; and the transfer of money was attended with trouble and inconvenience. Their climate also subjected them to fewer real wants, and the luxury of the wealthy approached more to riot and debauchery, than to convenience and comfort.'

The portrait of the Marquise de Chatelet is one of our author's happiest sketches, but too long for quotation, and besides, it is not free from immorality; who that ever tasted the sweets of wedded love, will agree with the author, that 'secret and stolen pleasures are remembered with fervency and devotion,' when the others are obliterated and forgotten? We do not condemn but pity the man possessed of such depraved ideas. The account of Voltaire's connections with the royal poet of Prussia, will be read with interest; the burning of Voltaire's satire against Maupertuis, is curious, and merits our selection, as being well told:—

'When Frederic was told, that Voltaire

had, under the title of *Le Docteur Akakia*, written a most severe satire against Maupertuis, which he was about to send to the press, the author was invited, in a very polite note, to the palace; and the moment he arrived, his Majesty told him, in a very friendly manner,—“They say you have written a satire against Maupertuis, which is as witty as it is malicious: I am going to speak to you on that subject with freedom, and as I think I ought to speak to a friend. It is not my intention to argue, that Maupertuis has not done you any injury, or that you have not caused him any. I agree, on the contrary, that you both have a right to complain; and, in short, I feel and acquiesce in the opinion, that you are in the right to complain, and I should deliver him up to you without difficulty, if I were to take his case only into consideration; but I beg you will observe, that I have called that man into my service; that I have placed him at the head of my academy; that I have granted to him the same treatment as to my ministers of state; that I have admitted him into my most familiar society; and that I have permitted him to marry one of the ladies of honour of the Queen, the daughter of one of my ministers, a Lady de Bredow, belonging to one of the most ancient and most considerable families of my kingdom. I have done so much for him, to the knowledge of all Europe, that I cannot consent to his being held up to ridicule without being compromised myself. If you cover him with disgrace, I shall certainly be ridiculed; and, if I suffer that, I cause a real scandal: I shall be blamed for it, and all the nobility of this country will experience a mortification, which will be imputed to my forbearance. I beg you will consider these circumstances, and see what I can expect from your friendship, and what you owe to mine, and to reason. I know what it costs an author to sacrifice one of his works,—above all, when it is filled with happy ideas, and when the details are as agreeable as they are ingenious; but who ought to care less than yourself for a sacrifice of this sort? A thing which would be irreparable for any other person, is nothing to Voltaire,—a man who, above all others in the world, has the most fruitful and the finest genius. You are so rich, both in ideas and talents. Your glory is established by so many more important productions! And what do you want besides, but the wish to make as many more worthy of yourself? You must not doubt, nevertheless, that, in sacrificing the work in question, you will give me a proof of friendship, which, according to the circumstances, I shall so much the more appreciate. I do not hesitate in telling you, that you will render me one of the greatest services. Depend upon it, I shall never forget it. You may, on your side, expect every thing from my friendship.”—“Well,” answered Voltaire, “I will bring the manuscript of my *Doctor Akakia*, and place it in the hands and at

the disposal of your Majesty. I have always been too much devoted to your Majesty, not to sacrifice, to the assurance of your kindness, that little revenge which had appeared to me just, moderate, and consequently innocent. I should certainly make greater sacrifices, if they were required from me by your wishes.”—“Lose no time,” said the King, “I shall wait for you; such noble designs must not be postponed.” Voltaire went out, and came back immediately with his manuscript in his hand. “Sire,” he exclaimed smiling, “here is the innocent going to perish for the people! I put it into your hands, order its condemnation.”—“Ah, my friend, what fate is mine! to order a punishment for that which deserves to be crowned with glory. Well! let us submit to fate with dignity; let us be as just as possible; let us revenge the victim by its sacrifice. Read; I shall save what I can, and it will be a precious remainder, which my memory will keep with care; read, and may the pages devoured by the flames claim my just admiration. O Vulcan! never was a more memorable thing done, or a greater tribute paid to your honour.” Voltaire read the whole satire; he was every moment interrupted by the applauses of the monarch, who found all the attacks as lively as they were well applied; they were bursting into roars of laughter, and as they were going to throw it into the fire, the lamentations again burst forth: “Come, my friend, cheer up, since it is necessary, O Vulcan, cruel and devouring god, receive thy prey!” and while the book was burning, they performed fantastic dances round the fire. It was in this way that *Doctor Akakia* was read to the end, and burnt.

From the selections we have already made, it is evident that the work before us is not entitled to the character of a biography of Voltaire. The author, indeed, seems to be acquainted with little more of Voltaire's works than the title-pages; for out of seventy volumes, he cannot find one page worth quoting, to give us an idea either of the excellencies or the faults of his author; there is not a single criticism on any of his numerous productions. Voltaire has been highly praised and severely censured, and Mr. Standish leaves the question where he found it. He neither tells us the object nor the results of the works of Voltaire, though they have had a more powerful effect on public opinion on the continent, than all the works published in the 18th century. Is Voltaire to be condemned or praised? Do his principles lead to the support or the dissolution of society? Were they instrumental in producing the French revolution, or is such an effect falsely attributed to them? On all these



points, Mr. Standish leaves us totally in the dark;—he does not even consider them connected with his subject.

Even in what he does, his esteem for Voltaire is very equivocal, as he frequently cites M. Lèpan, whose falsehoods and ridiculous commentaries on Voltaire, have rendered him the laughing-stock of all France. Besides, from a biographer of Voltaire, we might have expected more interesting details of the noble moral acts and courageous humanity which distinguished him; but the defence of Calas, of Sirven, of the serfs of Mont Jura, occupy no more space than the most trivial anecdote. Did *Belle et Bonne* merit no other notice than that Voltaire married her to the Marquis de Villette? Why have concealed the fact so honourable to Voltaire, of his having given her six thousand guineas as a marriage portion, (150,000 francs.) This distinguished lady is still alive, and enjoys excellent health; and we have seen her shed tears of gratitude and affection at the bare mention of the name of her benefactor.

*Odes and other Poems.* By Henry Neele. Second Edition, with Additions. 12mo. pp. 228. London, 1821.

THE first edition of Mr. Neele's Poems appeared before the commencement of the *Literary Chronicle*, and we have now only to add our testimony of their merits to that of the critics and the public in general. Mr. Neele, we believe, is still a youthful bard, and many of his productions were written at a very early age. He possesses great energy of feeling and a vigorous conception, but a deep melancholy pervades, we had almost said tinges, most of his effusions. In this respect, he will remind the reader very much of Collins, and that early blasted blossom of the muse, Henry Kirk White. His odes strongly resemble the celebrated one of Collins, to whom he is second only in this species of writing. We select, as a first extract, his second ode, which is addressed—

#### TO HOPE.

Sun of another world, whose rays  
At distance gladdens ours;  
Soul of a happier sphere, whose praise  
Surpasses mortal powers;  
Mysterious feeling, taught to roll  
Resistless o'er the breast,  
Beyond embrace, above controul,  
The strangest, sweetest of the soul,  
Possessing, not possest.

Deceiver, hail! around whose throne  
Such numerous votaries bend;

The form to all but thee unknown,  
The wretch without a friend:  
Youth, when his cherish'd best is dead,  
Makes what is living thine;  
Age, hoping when his all is fled,  
Still totters on with eager tread,  
And dies before thy shrine.

Yet what art thou? a tottering hall  
That crumbles while we walk;  
A flower so soon decreed to fall,  
And wither on its stalk;  
A gather'd rose-bud, but that pride  
Of crimson o'er it spread,  
'Tis our own life-blood's precious tide,  
That as we pluck'd it, gushing wide,  
Has dyed the pale flower red.

'Tis all a dream! the forms we love  
Elude the eager clasp;  
The pleasures that we long to prove  
Vanish within the grasp;  
They're disappointment, death, despair,  
Aught but the good they seem;  
We love, we hate, we joy, we care,  
And hope is sweet, and life is fair,  
And yet — 'tis all a dream!

A fiend is sitting on our heart,  
We slumbering thro' the night,  
And every heave, and every start,  
He marks with fierce delight:  
'Tis death: he loves his watch to keep  
By life's decreasing stream,  
And soon in thrilling accents deep,  
His potent call shall burst our sleep,  
And prove it all a dream!

Yet wherefore mourn? since Hope at best,  
Tho' fair, was always vain;  
Her promises were ever rest,  
Her guerdons ever pain:  
Why mourn the absence of that light,  
That only led astray?  
It lur'd the steps, perplex'd the sight,  
And yet 'twas bright, 'twas wondrous bright,  
And gilded all the way.

Yes; he who roams in deserts bare,  
That were not always wide,  
Will sigh to think how sweetly there  
Full many a flow'et smil'd,  
Will pause to mark th' uncherish'd beam,  
The tree uprooted torn,  
And sit, immers'd in pensive dream,  
By many a now deserted stream,  
To meditate and mourn.

The odes to Time, to Memory, to Horror, to Despair, to Pity, to the Moon, and to the Harp, though varied in their imagery and their style, are not less beautiful, and we fully agree in the compliment paid to the author by an individual whose name is dear to English literature,—that Mr. Neele 'sacrifices at the shrines both of pity and terror, and his notes awakening fear are not less potent than those which call forth the tears of sympathy and sorrow.' The ode to the Moon strikes us as singularly happy. It is in blank verse, a species of metre in which our author is peculiarly successful. We quote it at length:—

#### TO THE MOON.

How beautiful on yonder casement pane  
The mild Moon gazes! Mark  
With what a lonely and majestic step  
She treads the heavenly hills;

And oh! how soft, how silently, she pours  
Her chasten'd radiance on the scene below,  
And hill, and dale, and tow'r,  
Drink the pure flood of light.

Roll on, roll thus, Queen of the midnight hour,  
For ever beautiful!  
And ill befall the Demon of the Storm,  
When he would seize on thee;  
When he would lay a hand unhallowed here,  
Breathe pestilential darkness in thy face,  
And rend those lucid robes,  
And tear that silvery hair.

Thou shinest on a world of wretchedness,  
On one vast sepulchre,  
Where man is dancing on his father's grave,  
And of the creeping worms,  
That crawl innumerable from his father's mould;  
The fool is forming rings to deck himself,  
And round his fingers twines  
The coiling slimy brood.

Yes, man is wasting life and hope away,  
To add a wing to time;  
(Whom nature gave but one, of small avail,)  
And when the work's complete,  
When his well-fledged companion soars away,  
O then man gazes wild and vacantly,  
With idiot stare around,  
And wonders how he flew!

Although thou lookest on such misery,  
All has not dimm'd thy ray,  
Or torn one silver ringlet from thy brow;  
And yet thy peaceful light  
Beaming such beauty on a world of woe,  
Is like the bloom upon Consumption's cheek,  
All loveliness without,  
While ruin gnaws within.

What art thou? from thy orbit come those hordes  
Of wild fantastic forms,  
(Their crowns of pearly evening dew, their robes  
Wrought by the gossamer,)  
Who sport beneath thy beam? or is it there  
That angels strike their silver harps, and call  
The listening spheres around,  
To join the mazy dance?

Perhaps thou art the future residence  
Of genius, wretched here:  
Perhaps the poet and the minstrel who  
Have suffer'd, sunk, and died,  
Releas'd from mortal shackles, flee to thee,  
And warbling soft seraphic melodies,  
Their gentle spirits rove  
At peace in thy mild sphere.

If so, O for some lunar paradise  
Where I may think no more  
Of earth and earthliness, unless, perchance,  
When evening glooms below,  
Sometimes to wander downward on thy beam  
To flit across the scenes I once admir'd,  
And hover and protect  
The heads of those I lov'd!

Mr. Neele's sonnets partake of the character of the odes; but, as sonnets, they are of a very superior description. The following appears, to us, to possess much beauty, and the idea to be perfectly original:—

'Traveller, as roaming over vales and steeps,  
Thou hast, perchance, beheld in foliage fair,  
A willow bending o'er a brook—it weeps  
Leaf after leaf into the stream, till bare  
Are the best boughs, the loveliest and the  
highest;  
Oh! sigh, for well thou mayest; yet, as thou  
sighest,



Think not 'tis o'er imaginary woe;  
I tell thee, traveller, such is mortal man,  
And so he hangs o'er fancied bliss, and so  
While life is verging to its shortest span,  
Drop one by one his dearest joys away,  
Till hope is but the ghost of something fair,  
Till joy is mockery, till life is care,  
Till he himself is unreflecting clay.'

The additional poems, which have been written since the first edition, fully justify the high poetical character which the author had obtained; we shall, therefore, without further comment, transfer three or four of them to our pages.—

‘SONG.

Love, like a bird born in a cage,  
In bondage gaily sings,  
Nor sighs to rove, but prizes more  
His fetters than his wings.  
Then do not strive those chains to break,  
Tho' lighter than a feather—  
They're twined so closely round the heart,  
That both must break together.'

The following stanzas, written soon after the death of Porlier, the gallant Spaniard, who attempted that reform which his country has since so gloriously obtained, possess peculiar interest at the present moment:—

‘And think they, then, in blood to quench  
Freedom's immortal fire!  
Pour on, pour on, with torrents drench,  
It blazes fiercer, higher!  
Think they that cause, with vigour rife,  
Fleets with the patriot's breath?  
That cause, made lovely by his life,  
Grows holy in his death.  
Think they that when the spirit leaves,  
Its power on earth is past?  
Of all the spells that spirit weaves,  
The mightiest is the last.  
Nay, hearts with strength before unknown  
At that last hour awake,  
Like waves that roll in darkness on,  
Yet sparkle when they break.  
But liberty, the child of truth,  
Dies not with mortal man;  
She, eagle-like, renews her youth,  
And scorns life's narrow span:  
And when the world's blind tyrants deem  
The princely bird no more,  
She soars tow'ards light's supernal beam,  
Undazzled as before.  
Still Hope survives—the tyrant's chain  
Has many a link unripen:  
Tears are not always shed in vain,  
But blood appeals to heaven.  
Still there are hearts by honour nurst,  
And Freedom soon shall find them,  
Hearts whose indignant throbs will burst  
The galling bonds that bind them.'

‘Oliver Cromwell's last intercourse with his daughter,' a dramatic fragment, proves the varied talents of the author; but we have already drawn so freely on his little work, that we must conclude with a shorter extract. The lines:—

‘TO THE RIVER WYE.

Sweet stream! twelve lingering moons have  
waned  
Since last thy lovely shores I gained;

And now once more I hear thee sound  
Thy summons to the hills around;  
And see thee rushing proudly by  
In all thy mountain majesty,  
And scent those gales which o'er thee play  
A life of fragrant away;  
And mark the rack by zephyr driven,  
And listen to the voice of heaven.

Hail thy green pastures, queen of floods,  
Thy rocky steep, thy waving woods!  
The mountain-ash, in glittering ranks,  
With autumn berries decks thy banks;  
There the aspiring fir distils  
His balmy sweetness o'er the hills;  
There weeps the lovely birch, and keeps  
The eye delighted as she weeps;  
While by thy mirror, bright and fair,  
The willow trims her tangled hair.

Nature and art combine to grace  
Thy green and gorgeous dwelling-place.  
Yon rich-clad hills, earth's fairest birth,  
Yet seem to scorn thy mother earth,  
And search the breast of heaven to woo  
Its brightness down to grace thee too;  
And ivied fane and shattered pile  
Even in their ruin o'er thee smile,  
While with the spoils of time they dress  
Thy own immortal loveliness.

How softly yon frail vessel glides  
Between thy rich and fertile sides!  
Earth's fairest scenes are round her spread,  
Heaven's brightest glories o'er her shed;  
While glows in the transparent Wye  
Another earth, another sky,  
And turrets frown, and villas gleam,  
Making that lovely vessel seem  
Some fairy isthmus, placed to join  
Two worlds of splendour so divine.

While Morning from her tresses grey  
Still shakes her dewy drops away;  
Or Noon's or Evening's steps I see,  
Sweet Wye! I'll still remember thee:  
Nor less when Night her empire boasts,  
And glories in those glittering hosts,  
Not gems as mortals idly deem,  
Which on her sable mantle gleam,  
But portals bright, thro' which is given  
A glimpse of the full blaze of heaven.'

We should not add a single remark to what we have already said, but to express our gratification, that neither the consciousness of his own talents, nor the public approbation, have tainted Mr. Neele with the poet's failing,—vanity; but that he is as modest and unassuming as when he first ventured his frail bark on the ocean of public opinion.

*The Substance of a Discourse preached in St. Mark's Church, Liverpool, with additional Notes and an Appendix.* By the Rev. Richard Blacow, A.M. 8vo. pp. 32. Liverpool and London, 1820.

As this Discourse is professed to have been delivered ‘on the Aspect of the Times,’ we hastily separated its pages, promising ourselves an hour's improvement in our closet, and afterwards to distribute it round our fireside for the consolation of our better selves—the feminine part of our family; but we

were disappointed, and we are sorry that we cannot even venture to make an extract, though from a *sermon*, to instruct our readers. We are not told whether the *ladies* of Liverpool relished this Discourse at its delivery; but of this we are sure,—the dissenters, the socinians, and the methodists, who are so violently abused from the pulpit, and afterwards from the press, by this political and prophetic divine,—are either very dangerous persons or undeserving of Sunday evening lectures, which ought to disseminate, by practical doctrines, wholesome precepts and zealous examples. A preacher of the Gospel is never more out of his element than when he writes, preaches, and publishes his sermons, with the view of circulating his political and anti-religious creed\*, and, whatever temporal honours he may hope to gain by his efforts, they are but temporal, and ‘as the sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.’ While we would give every writer an opportunity of presenting his particular opinions through the press, we do think it injurious to the cause of real religion, and unworthy of her advocates, to deliver them from the pulpit.

*Commodus. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. With Biographical Memoirs of that accomplished Tyrant.* 8vo. pp. 62. London, 1820.

We have seldom approached the last page of a work with such a feeling of utter despair, as we experienced when we found our fingers playing with the last leaves of this (to us serious) tragedy. In vain had we toiled through a tract flat and barren, in the hope of catching sight of something worth making a remark upon, and to find, that at last we should have nothing to recompense our readers for the time we had lost in the task (we say to recompense our readers, for our time is their's) was pushing critical desperation to its utmost stretch.

The tragedy of *Commodus*, *we* (not the public, for the information is in MS. on the fly-leaf) are told, was ‘presented and approved by one of the theatres royal, but it was not allowed to be performed.’ It may be so; we cannot contradict it; but, to find it true would give us a much more contemptible opinion of theatrical management than we are willing to entertain.

\* The violent doctrines of the Discourse under notice, have induced the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, and other popular newspapers, to hold forth the reverend author as a fit subject for criminal prosecution.



The tragedy, whether considered as to the choice of the subject, the plot, incident, or language, is not entitled to the slightest praise. What motive the author had in publishing it we know not. As he has concealed his name his reputation cannot suffer; but, as the tragedy is said to be 'printed for the author,' we will not answer for his purse. We should be sorry to be severe on any writer, but particularly on a young one, yet we cannot avoid censuring the vanity of those who attempt an effort so noble as that of writing a tragedy, without the slightest qualification for the task.

### Foreign Literature.

ENCOURAGEMENT  
OF THE

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I do not know whether the great difference between the English and the French Governments has been stated relative to the encouragement afforded to whatever can conduce to the interest or fame of the country. In England, the government throws a damp on every effort of genius; and, unless proposed by one of its own creatures, the greatest discovery may remain dormant for want of the slightest encouragement. In France, on the contrary, the King, the royal Family, and the ministry, each in his department, not only encourage but invite the efforts of genius: and if a person has conceived a happy idea, likely to be of public utility, he has only to communicate it to the Minister, who refers to a Secret Committee, not appointed *ad hoc*, but a permanent one charged with the examination of all projects for the public good, and composed of men the most eminent for their learning and practical knowledge in every art and science. If the project be found useful, government affords the means of carrying it into execution. M. De Cazes, if not the founder of this system, was at least the great encourager of it; he nominated several committees for commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, with salaries, and the system has been continued by his successors.

The liberality of the government does not rest here: it is anxious the public should be in possession of every thing relative to the glory of the country. You know the grand work in Egypt, on which the most learned men and the most able artists in Europe

have been employed so many years. A copy of this work cost nearly 400 guineas, and was, consequently, beyond the reach of most purchasers. Government had furnished all the funds for it, and, to enable others to possess the most splendid work in existence, it has granted to the famous printer, M. Panckoucke, the privilege of publishing a second edition, which will only come to eighty guineas. An octavo volume of text, with twenty-eight plates, will be sold for 6s. and the grand Atlas, in numbers of five immense folio plates, at 8s. 6d.—the mere cost of paper and printing. I will, with your permission, send you an account of the contents of this important work as the volumes appear. Z.

Paris, Jan. 10th, 1821.

### Original Communications.

#### WELSH LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—An article appears in your last number, under the head of 'English Language,' which is so inaccurate on one point, that I hope you will permit me to offer a few observations respecting it. And this I shall do with the less reluctance, as I am aware, that the mis-statement does not originate with yourself.

The part of the article to which I particularly allude, is that relating to the Welsh tongue, upon which subject I feel myself qualified to speak with some degree of confidence, from having, for some years past, paid considerable attention to it.

In the first place, the number of English words derived from the Welsh, stated to be 111 only, is exceedingly under-rated, perhaps by some hundreds. The fact seems to be, that numerous words, traced by English lexicographers to the Saxon tongue, originated in reality with the Welsh, from whom the Saxons not only received their alphabet, but, most probably, also some part of their language. But this does not rest upon mere conjecture, since a competent knowledge of Welsh enables us to discover the roots of many Saxon words in that tongue; and, had Johnson and others possessed even a moderate acquaintance with Welsh, they would not have committed the flagrant etymological errors, which at present disfigure their works.

I agree with that part of the article in question, which states, that the Welsh tongue is 'the most uncorrupted

in Europe.' Of this there can be no doubt; and the circumstance may be ascribed both to the isolated situation of Wales and to the character of the language itself, which is of a principle so different from that of other modern tongues, as hardly to admit of the least intermixture with it. But, when the article proceeds to assert, that Welsh, because the *most uncorrupted*, is therefore the *worst*, I beg leave to deny the conclusion, as most 'lame and impotent,' inasmuch as the converse of the same proposition would prove the *most corrupted* to be the *best*. But the assumption, in this case, can only have been founded in a total ignorance of the Welsh language, which, whether for its copiousness, its expressiveness, or its poetical capabilities, has no rival in any living European tongue, with which I am acquainted.

After what I have now said, it is hardly necessary for me to notice the assertion, immediately following the last, which charges the Welsh with being 'harsh and guttural, and of a very limited range.' The truth is, that it is by no means a harsh language, and possesses fewer guttural sounds than most others. The sounds, most generally prevailing, are the lingual, labial, and palatal: even the dental, which are really harsh sounds, are not at all of frequent occurrence in it. And to this I may add, that it possesses an unusual proportion of vowels and diphthongs. With respect to its 'limited range,' I am quite at a loss to conceive upon what the writer of the article could found his assertion. The language comprises some thousand words more than the English, as a reference to Owen's Dictionary will sufficiently prove: and the faculty it possesses, of forming compound terms on the principle of the Greek, is illimitable.

I beg, in conclusion, to notice, that the Welsh is presumed by the best scholars to be, in fact, the ancient Cimbric, or, at least, to form the most perfect remains of that venerable tongue now in existence. And it is rather a singular confirmation of this hypothesis, that the Welsh call their language *Cymraeg*, and themselves *Cymry*, a name, that is clearly to be identified with the *Cimbri* and *Cimmerii* of former times, all which terms imply, according to the etymology still preserved in the Welsh name, a primitive or aboriginal people.

Jan. 15, 1821.

ORDOVEX.



SOCIETY FOR RECOVERING  
ESTATES.*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

SIR,—Two or three letters having appeared in a daily print, in reference to 'the formation of a society with the view of assisting individuals by legal process to recover their estates which have been enjoyed by others not entitled to them,' I would call the attention of your readers and correspondents to the subject, and, through your respectable pages, suggest an eligible plan, in which I am desirous to unite; for I could enumerate several instances of families who have lived in a state of poverty, when, if they had had legal assistance, they might have shared the comforts of independence.

Your's, respectfully,

Jan. 8, 1821.

P. P. P.

## ARTIFICIAL COALS.

*To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

SIR,—Although the present winter, so far as it has advanced, has not been so severe as to require any extraordinary demand of fuel, yet as some of the daily papers have, during the last week, given an account of a substitute for coals, I beg leave, through the medium of the *Literary Chronicle*, to make known to the public, a similar plan which was published nearly two centuries ago. In the course of my researches at the British Museum, for a very different purpose, I met with a tract entitled, 'Artificial Fire, or Coale for Rich and Poore. This being the offer of an excellent new Invention, by Mr. Richard Gesling, Engineer, (late deceased,) but now fit to be put in practice. London, 1644.'

This tract, which is printed on an open sheet, laments the want of fuel among the lower orders in winter, which it stated to be so great, as 'to make some turne thieves that never stole before, steal posts, seats, benches from doores, rails, nay, the very stocks that should punish them, and all to keep cold winter away.' The remedy proposed is as follows:—

'First provide a piece of ground where the sun lies upon it, and for the better ordering, take a brickmaker or a labourer to do it: do thus:—

'Take three loads of red mortar, such as you make bricks with, double loads, half a chaldron of good sea coals, of the smallest and best, three sackfuls of the best small coal, four bushels of sawdust, four trusses of straw chopped; work all these together with water, stiff

as bricks, then, when it is worked all together very well, take four sacks of the dust of small coal, and with that used as they do the sand for casting of brick; then cast the ingredient as you cast brick, but half so thick, and dry it as brick is dried; or you may make it up in round balls, not so big, with charcoal or small coal dust on the outside, and so lay to dry; when they be thoroughly dry, burn them with a little Scotch coal or wood, or any combustible matter to fire it; or with two or three wooden chips to kindle your fire withall, and to keep in the life of the fire, and these cast a most excellent heat, and keep fire for any use, to roast, boil, or bake, for the richer sort; but be sure you lay them not too close on the fire, but as you see your pattern\* upon this paper, mingled with a Scotch coale or two.

'For the poorer sort, cow-dung, mingled with sawdust and small coal, made up into balls, or in a square, like a tile, not too thick, and dried, make a very good fuel, but something noisome. Also that which comes out of the paunches of beasts killed, it being dried, is excellent fire.

'Horse-dung in balls with sawdust, or the dust of small coal or charcoal dust, dried, is good fuel, but the smell is offensive.

'Greenwich Heath or Hounslow Heath turf, well dried, is very good fuel, with a little Scotch coal burnt with it.

'Peat, if well dried, but well fatted with seggy or flag roots, from fenny places, is a very good firing mingled with coals when it is burnt.'

I am very far, Mr. Editor, from thinking this plan of service to your general readers, but in Lincolnshire, and some counties where coals are dear, and beyond the reach of the poor for general consumption, these hints may be of some service.

I am, &amp;c.

B. T.

Great Russell Street, Jan. 13.

THE SALUTATIONS  
OFTHE JEWS AT THEIR FEASTS.  
(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)\* Come kiss me sweet and twenty.—*Shakespeare.*

THE salutations of the Jews were testified either by words or some humble

\* An engraved diagram of a grate, with the bricks and balls piled up, in which there is nothing remarkable, but that the bars of the grate are perpendicular, and not transverse, as in the present day.

gesture of the body. When by words, these were the usual forms: 'The Lord be with you!' or, 'the Lord bless you!' From the last of these, blessing is often taken for saluting: 'If thou meet any, bless him not; or if any bless thee, answer him not again.' Sometimes they said, 'Peace be unto thee'—'Peace be upon thee'—'Go in peace,' and such like. 'When ye come into a house, salute the same;' and, 'if the house be worthy, let your peace come upon it, but if it be not worthy, let your peace return to you.'

*By Gesture.*—Their salutations were signified, sometimes, by *prostrating the whole body*; sometimes, by *kissing the feet*; commonly, by an ordinary kiss. Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance and kissed him. Moreover, Joseph kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them. This Saint Paul calls an *holy kiss*; Peter, a *kiss of charity*; Tertullian, *osculum pacis*, a *kiss of peace*. These were kisses a *Cato* might give and a *Vestal* receive. Of this sort, the Jews had three kinds,—a kiss of *salutation*, a kiss of *valediction*, and a kiss of *homage*; or, as the Hebrew signifies, a kiss of state or dignity, to testify their homage and acknowledgment of their king's sovereignty. Samuel took a vial of oil and poured it upon Saul's head and *kissed* him, which is referred to in the second psalm, '*kiss thy son, lest he be angry.*'

J. R. P.

## Original Poetry.

## THE NOSE.

## A TALE.

'Twas evening, and the setting sun  
His farewell glance was giving,  
When Hal and Joe, quite ripe for fun,  
And eager to observe the living,  
Tripping fast the pathway o'er—  
Seated themselves outside the door,  
And soon began  
To mark each man  
That nature had mark'd before.  
Each took his pipe, and whiff'd away,  
Moistening well, with ale, his clay,  
Then talk'd of ladies' lovely eyes,  
And then of cheeks of roses;—  
Till, at the last,  
Their converse past  
To what, indeed, must all surprize,—  
Of large and little noses!

Now Joe, a curious one had got,  
A nose without a bridge; and so  
The tip cock'd up, as if, I wot,  
To view his eyes roll to and fro,  
Spurning the mouth that laugh'd below.

Cried Hal to Joe,  
What think you now of that one's nose?  
He look'd and laugh'd—for you must  
know,  
It from his eye-brow stately rose



Round as sickle. Then came one  
Who caus'd the 'gay ones' greater fun :  
'Twas round and ruddy—cover'd o'er  
With fifty little hills or more,  
And look'd just like an artichoke,  
When people say—'tis full of eyes.'—  
And O! they deem'd it was a joke  
Philosophers could not despise.

'Come tell me now,' said Hal to Joe,  
'Before I go,—  
(And my house is from this a long way;)—  
What sort of nose do you prefer?  
For, were I to choose, I tell you, sir,  
A hook'd one would, methinks, be best.'  
'Indeed!' cried Joe, quite full of jest,—  
'A hook'd one, aye?—Then I am blest;  
For look ye mine is hook'd you know:—  
But then, ha! ha!—'tis hook'd the wrong  
way.' WILFORD.

#### TO THE SUN.

O! thou that from Heav'n's azure field,  
Dispeldest all the mists of night,  
Round as the warrior's ample shield,  
Whence is thy everlasting light?  
When, from the portals of the east,  
Thou comest in all thy majesty,  
The trembling planets sink to rest,  
The stars before thy splendour fly,  
The moon, herself, grows cold and pale,  
And sinks beneath the western wave.  
But thou—O Sun!—shalt never fail,  
Till Nature sinks into her grave.

Lo! when the winds of Heav'n are loud,  
When lightning flies in awful form,  
Thou lookest from behind a cloud  
And laughest at the empty storm;  
But thou, O Sun! perhaps, like me,  
Art lent but for a season here,  
The sleep of Death may come on thee,  
No more the voice of morn to hear.  
Exult! resplendent orb of light!

While yet thy youth knows no decay;  
Age is unlovely—dark as night,—  
And youth returns not, when away.

Jan. 1821, Downing Street. J. B. O. M.

#### KINGS OF THE BEAN\*.

(A FREE TRANSLATION.)

THE day is auspicious to me,  
On the throne I am borne with delight;  
Come, my friends, and rejoice in that glee  
Which my royalty gives me to-night:  
My reign's but a dream that is gay;  
Prolong happy sleep so serene;  
For soon you'll awake me from pleasure, and  
say,—

'Thou wast only a King of the Bean!'

We may often behold on the scene,  
Historical heroes of fame;  
But Melpomene's children are e'en  
Of these kings but the shadow and name:  
When the pictures are perfect and just,  
The allusion disperses in sheen,  
And kings, though exalted to greatness and  
trust,  
Are no more than as Kings of the Bean.

If the blessing is found on the throne,  
I will play in these moments so free;  
But, if glory about me have shone,  
To conceal the true picture from me,  
When I look to the skies I exclaim,—  
'These king who in pride I have seen,  
To the kings of the universe vanish in fame:  
What are they?—of the Kings of the Bean.'

J. R. P.

\* See *Literary Chronicle*, p. 11.

## Fine Arts.

### ESSAY I.

'Whatever adorns

The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
The breathing marbles and the sculptured  
gold.' AKENSIDE.

'Do you imagine that what is good is not beautiful?' 'Have you not observed that these appearances always coincide?' Such are the questions which Xenophon has recorded as those of his master, the divine Socrates; such too are the questions which we may be allowed to put to those, who would degrade the Fine Arts to the base office of the panders of luxury and licentiousness, though they are in reality the graces who attire in fresh and attractive charms, the Venus of Virtue, and who, by the extraneous ornaments which they lend her, afford new motives to prompt the mind of man 'to high heroic deeds and fair desires.' They have, at times, indeed, been seduced from their allegiance; they have been bribed, to paint in more glowing beauty, the mask that conceals the deformity of vice; they have, by their syren strains and angel forms, lured the unsuspecting voyager of life over the ocean of excess to the rocks of misery and guilt. But let him, who, on this account, would discard them from polished life, shew us the human good that has never been abused, and we will acquiesce in his opinions.—Let the enemy of the polished elegancies of life, prove to us that the greatest gift of God to man, religion, has not been perverted to the anomalies of superstition and the cruelties of bigotry; and, if in spite of history and fact, he shall be able to prove this, then he may be at liberty to discard the arts of civilization, as liable to be turned aside to purposes for which they never were intended; then let the καλοκἀγαθον of the Athenian philosopher be thrown aside, and the barbarous bigotry and ignorance of an Omar be planted in its stead. Then, too, let the palm be torn from the brow of our great delineator of human nature; for he has declared that 'he who hath not music in his soul, and is not pleased with concord of sweet sounds, is fit for murders, stratagems, and spoils.' But the world is not doomed to gaze with terror on the death-struggle of the arts, or the destruction of the Corinthian capital of society. The age of Cromwell is passed away—our country is not destined again to behold the softer elegancies of life crumble beneath the rude touch of prejudice and fanaticism;

nor all the fairy frost-work of polished refinement to melt at the glare of the red torch of Gothic superstition and intolerance. The world seems rather to be inclining to the opposite extreme of infidelity. At any rate, the arts, we may venture to hope, will have nothing to fear; unless it is the perversion of their excellencies to purposes unworthy of their divine origin. The liberty of our own glorious constitution will not withhold its enlivening influence from those accomplishments of life which dignify, support, and adorn the national character of a powerful empire. We will indulge in the hope that she will spread her protecting wings over the germs of art, and the diffidence of genius; and that our country, which has already gained the wreath of naval glory, which was once the crown of Athens, may hereafter rival her in the developings of genius and the encouragements of art. The nautical fame, the warlike achievements of Athens have passed away, and 'like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind,' save the narration 'that they were.' Her arts, her sculpture, her architecture, still exist, 'in spite of cormorant devouring time.' The nations still send forth their pilgrims to the shrine of her Minerva; with patient assiduity they trace each record of skill, each bright animated relique of genius; where the marble still breathes life and vigour from each mutilated limb, justifying the application of Horace's remark on a sister art;—

'In venias etiam disjecti membra poetæ.'

Her 'painted Stoa,' her sculptured temples, glowing with the heroic deeds of a Theseus, a Codrus, a Miltiades, were the means which

'Raised

To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breathed firm and unmov'd,  
With dread of death to flight and foul retreat.'

In Athens, the sculpture and the painter were employed to perpetuate the memory of illustrious men and illustrious feats; and the representation of whatever had been achieved for the service of the public by heroic virtue, was preserved in the public buildings and the monuments of the dead; and the encouragement of these arts, in the metropolis of Greece, with the effects which they naturally produced, fully indicate the necessity, or at least the utility which accrues to the state from the cultivation and fostering of taste and genius in its individual members.

W. H. PARRY.



## The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.—MISS WILSON.**—'Old Drury,' had its triumph on Thursday, in one of the most crowded and elegant audiences we ever witnessed; and in the debut of a young lady who is one of the greatest acquisitions that the musical world has received for many years. Miss Wilson, for that is the name of the young lady, came forward with a royal imprimatur: his present Majesty, whose knowledge of music is, perhaps, equal to that of any of his subjects, having spoken in the highest terms of her talents. Ever since she was announced, public expectation had been on the tiptoe, and we never saw an audience look so anxiously for the rising of the curtain as on Thursday night, when Miss Wilson made her first appearance in the character of Mandane, in the opera of *Artaxerxes*. Independent of this novelty, the opera presented great attractions: Braham in Arbaces, Horn in Artabanes, and Madame Vestris in Artaxerxes. An opera thus cast gave a powerful aid to the fair *debutante*, who, on her entrée, was welcomed with a burst of applause which overwhelmed her; and her trepidation was, for some time, evident. Miss Wilson, in person, is rather tall, but graceful and elegant; her countenance is agreeable and expressive; her voice is powerful, and, in compass, nearly equal to Catalini, of whom she often reminded us, as she did, in other respects, of Mrs. Billington. The character of Mandane is one in which the passions alternately swell in disdain, and melt into tenderness, touching, occasionally, on both extremes, and requiring a power of expression suitable to these vicissitudes. When she sung, 'If o'er the cruel Tyrant love,' she electrified the audience, who testified how they had been enraptured by an universal encore. In the beautiful airs of 'Fly soft ideas' and 'Let not rage,' she was equally happy, but her greatest triumph was her bravura singing in 'The soldier tired of war's alarms,' in which great power, rapidity of execution, and precision were delightfully combined. Although power is the predominant characteristic of Miss Wilson's voice, it possesses much softness and delicacy. She sometimes struck a low chord which was quite melodious, and soon after raised her voice to a key where, permitting it to rest awhile, it died away like an echo. She has also, in a re-

markable degree, the power of ascending or descending the scale with rapidity and great distinctness; and, occasionally, she passed from one part of the scale to another, omitting the intermediate notes, with quickness and accuracy.

Mr. Braham, whom we have often seen and admired in Arbaces, never appeared to greater advantage. A collision of talent is always favourable to the best performers, and it was evident on the present occasion. Madame Vestris sang charmingly in Artaxerxes, and Miss Povey was a sweet Semira. We must not, however, forget Mr. Horn, who deserves much praise for the spirited style in which he acquitted himself in Artabanes: it was his first appearance in that character, and was marked by the audience as a very successful one. On the conclusion of the opera, the pit waved their hats amidst the loudest cheers of the whole audience. Miss Wilson's success was so great that Mr. Elliston has announced operas three nights a-week.

Sheridan's truly inimitable comedy of the *School for Scandal*, was performed at this theatre, on Tuesday night, with the novelty of two first appearances. Miss Chester, a young lady who, we believe, once played Portia at this house, was the Lady Teazle of the evening, and sustained the character with much judgment and discrimination. She was most successful in scenes which were serious and pathetic. Mr. Cooper was the Joseph Surface, and although, in some scenes, he acquitted himself well, yet we must confess that he is not a good hypocrite. Elliston's Charles Surface and Munden's Sir Peter Teazle are too familiar to the public to need any remark.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—Mr. Barry Cornwall's new tragedy of *Mirandola* has been frequently repeated since our last with increased success, and may be fairly said to be fully established in public favour.

**COBURG THEATRE.**—On Monday evening, a new melo-dramatic romance was produced, entitled—*Who owns the Hand? or, The Monk, the Mask, and the Murderer*. The piece has been got up with great splendour; the incidents are striking and well-managed, the scenery very good and appropriate, and the piece is interesting throughout. Mr. T. P. Cooke and Miss Watson performed the parts allotted them admirably well, and, indeed, the whole of the performers played with much spirit and effect.

## MR. KEAN, IN AMERICA:

[Although we have no very exalted opinion of the critical acumen of our transatlantic brethren, yet to gratify those of our readers, who, like ourselves, are admirers of Mr. Kean's talents, we insert from a New York paper, entitled the *American*, a critical notice of two of that distinguished actor's best characters, those of *Richard III.* and *Othello*.—Ed.]

**RICHARD III.**—The character of Richard, we might readily imagine from his history, must be extremely difficult to be represented in any manner coming up to the peculiar traits that distinguished it; and though Shakespeare found in the groundwork of his character certain leading marks, in the delineation of which he particularly excelled, yet 'that mixture of intellectual vigour with moral depravity,' so conspicuous in the features of his life, and the different passions that actuated him at times, must ever make the part extremely difficult for a perfect execution, although the character has been most ably and happily portrayed. Many performers, who were at the height of their profession, and who excelled in characters in which it might be supposed success was more unattainable, have entirely failed in that of Richard. The part of Macbeth has been successfully personated by those who have entirely misconceived that of the crooked-backed tyrant. It was one of those characters the late Mr. Cooke particularly excelled in; it was that in which Garrick first appeared, and that which laid the foundation of the high standing which Mr. Kean has acquired in his own country, and the first in which he has appeared in our's. That Mr. Kean's performance of the character is original, is indisputable; it was so in England when he first appeared in it, and is clearly so to us. It is right, therefore, that we should throw aside any dislike we might have, on the ground of our being unaccustomed to the execution of the character as done in the manner of Mr. Kean. Indeed, in England, on his first appearance in Richard, there were considerable doubts as to his merits, for no other reason than that his performance was original. It is but justice to Mr. Kean, therefore, that, if he has hit upon a happier conception, according to his own belief, we should judge and criticise it with candour and fairness. Full of curiosity and anticipated pleasure, we went to witness Mr. Kean's first appearance on the American boards, and the follow-



ing is the result of our observations: to speak generally, his figure and looks were well adapted to our ideas of the tyrannical Richard; his voice is not good, especially when he elevates it, when it breaks in the most disagreeable manner; and his delivery is new: every word comes forth as if it were measured in a slow method of speech he uses, which, as it was continued through all those scenes where it was possible to employ it, rendered it at length very tiresome, and by no means agreeable. We really thought, at times, that he was reading the part in his own closet, deeply intent on the study of it, preparatory to his performance.

We agree with a London critic, that the 'courtship scene, with Lady Ann, is an admirable exhibition of smooth and smiling villainy;' but we witnessed not only in that scene attempts at stage effect, but repeatedly in the denouement of the plot. The apparent uneasy delivery of the sentences, if original, is certainly not pleasing, notwithstanding each word is expressed with great precision and distinctness; and although an English writer, (Mr. Haslitt,) 'cannot imagine,' as he observes, 'any character represented with greater distinctness and precision, more perfectly articulated in every part,' yet this 'perfect articulation,' distinctness, and precision, appear to us to be attended with a most uneasy way of delivery, there being too much an appearance of artificial manner. In repeated sentences, too, we observed a pause at the end of the word preceding the last, and after stopping a few seconds or so, pronouncing the last word. This was done, doubtless, in order to give effect to the whole. We took notice of this, we were about to say, in almost every scene he appeared. Another circumstance struck us, which more fully evinced the aim of the performer; it was those sudden transitions which were so strikingly displayed. It cannot be denied that some of them were powerfully and ably executed, where they were required; but in the words of one of his own critics, 'his delineation of it should have somewhat less brilliancy, fewer glancing lights, *pointed transitions*, and *pantomimic evolutions*, with more solidity, depth, sustained and impassioned feeling;' or, in other words, he seems to have at his command a variety of resources, in order to give a continual eclat to his performance, and he incessantly employed them, as in making those long pauses, quick transitions, and, among other things,

as Mr. Haslitt, in his lectures, calls it, his 'exuberance of manner.' He gave a new reading to several passages, which much pleased us; and the manner of his bidding his friend 'good night,' was very striking, although we cannot but believe the long pause was more intended by Mr. Kean for effect, than for the display of any real talent he thought the idea possessed; we could mention several scenes in which he appeared to effect, and several in which effect was partially destroyed.—*The American*, Dec. 1, 1820.

*Othello*.—One of the peculiar traits in Mr. Kean's acting is seizing on the imagination by frequent, sudden, and striking changes; as from the highest key to which his voice is elevated, when in an ebullition of passion, down in a moment to either a soft or familiar tone, according as Mr. Kean conceives the particular passage requires. This, it is true, is very often applicable and conformable to the true spirit of the author, but that it is proper to make those 'pointed transitions' in all the particular places Mr. Kean has thought right to employ them, can scarcely be allowed, when we once come to consider the propriety or correctness of it. Two instances of misapplication in this respect, we observed in Mr. Kean's performance of *Othello*. The first, when *Othello* is before the senate, on the charge of Brabantio, that his daughter had been stolen, and 'corrupted by spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;' *Othello* requests the duke to send for Desdemona, and the duke gives orders to that effect; immediately after, indeed the words 'fetch Desdemona hither' had scarcely escaped the duke's lips, before Mr. Kean (*Othello*) says to Iago, in a hurried, quick, and unnatural tone and manner,—

'Ancient, conduct them; you best know the way.'

*Othello*, without doubt, was desirous of the immediate attendance of his wife, to clear him from the charge of Brabantio; but the tone he had employed before his judges in a preceding speech, being so dissimilar, could not at all reconcile us to the unsuitable effect the manner exercised in delivering the above words produced. This quick transition may force an applause from the sudden way in which they were spoken, and the tone and manner above mentioned, but never can be quoted as a specimen of fine acting. The other instance occurred in the same scene. After the conclusion of his defence before the senate, he observes,—

'Here comes the lady, let her witness it.'

The tone here used, was nearly similar to that before mentioned, and appeared to strike us more as if it were delivered tauntingly, or so spoken from malicious delight at Brabantio's certain defeat and his own sure acquittal, than the observation of the dignified *Othello*, who, though sure of success from Desdemona's presence, yet does not manifest any eager anticipation, which would leave an inference, that if the decision of the senate were in his favour, he would evince more malicious pleasure at it than proud satisfaction. From not only the different passions that take possession of the Moor, but from their constant collision, the character of *Othello* becomes one wherein the power of an actor can have full display. In the onset, we find him all fondness for the beautiful Desdemona; then the seeds of distrust are sown by the villain Iago; Iago's continual feeding of the fire he had kindled follows next; his surmise concerning Cassio, his infernal scheme with the handkerchief, and the warring conflicts between doating fondness and supposed dishonour, are inimitably delineated. Although the character of *Othello* possesses these great advantages for the display of the talents and genius of an actor, yet none can claim a perfect infallibility in an accurate conception of it; and that Mr. Kean does not enjoy this infallibility, and that he is by no means exempt from error, and those not unimportant or accidental, has appeared to us on a critical investigation of his merits and faults, and that, too, without any nice acumen or determination to pick out every little mistake or inaccuracy that may have been casually committed.

In the third scene of act third, *Othello* and Iago enter immediately after Cassio had been importuning Desdemona to procure of the Moor the restitution of his lieutenancy. Desdemona begs of her husband to call back Cassio, and says,—

'Shall't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No; not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.'

The tone in which these answers were given, would lead to the belief that the previous exclamation of Iago, on seeing Cassio in entering the room, 'Ha! I like not that,' had already instilled into the mind of the Moor a distrustful feeling towards his wife. Any thing conducive to such belief, or that would in the least leave any suspicion of the sort, should be particularly avoided;



for it is not until Desdemona has left the room in this same scene, when the Moor and Iago are left alone, that the former first receives an intimation of any thing to rouse his jealousy. But when Othello discovers the meaning of the ambiguous sentences of Iago, Mr. Kean gave an effect both striking and impressive; his looks, his action, and the wild stare of his countenance, were a splendid picture of the effects of jealousy on the heart of a Moor. The shock was electric, and Mr. Kean gave it full force. Indeed, the whole scene with Iago was ably executed, although we should not be displeased to see omitted those specimens of 'pantomimical evolutions,' performed not only in that scene, but frequently in other parts of the play, as we conceive that the effects from the supposed faithless conduct of a beautiful wife on a loving husband, can well be shown without them. When Iago observes to him, that she deceived her father marrying him, the reply,

'And so she did.'

was uttered in a tone that evinced the anguish of his heart, and was feelingly and appropriately delivered. We felt a sympathetic thrill for his own unhappy situation. In the chamber scene we were much disappointed; it was a lame performance, and though, here and there, we could witness specimens of fine acting, we decidedly think we have seen that part of Othello at least as ably, if not better, executed. —*The American, Dec. 1, 1820.*

## Literature and Science.

(From the National Intelligencer.)

*Of the North-western region of the United States.*—We were yesterday gratified with a few minutes conversation with Capt. J. R. Bell, who arrived in this city on Tuesday, from Cape Girardeau, in Missouri; which place he left on the 13th October last. The information derived from him was so interesting to us, that we believe our readers will be pleased with some account of it.

Capt. Bell was second in rank of an exploring expedition, under the command of Major Long, the objects of which were topographical and scientific information respecting the vast wilderness of country which stretches from the Council Bluffs, on the Missouri, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, of which so little is yet known. The expedition, being wholly pacific in its objects, con-

sisted of some 20 soldiers only, and the following officers and artists, besides the two officers already mentioned: Lieut. Graham, Lieut. Smith, Dr. Say, Dr. James, and Messrs. Seymour and Peale, designers and painters.

The expedition set out from the Council Bluffs, on the 6th of June, directing their course first to the Pawnee villages, on a Fork of the La Platte, distant about one hundred and twenty miles from the Council Bluffs, and thence proceeded to the Rocky Mountains, distant about four hundred miles from the Pawnee Villages. The interval is a rolling prairie country, of course destitute of hills and wood, so that the mountains are visible at the distance of one hundred and twenty miles. Time has not yet allowed a calculation of the observations, which were made as accurately as circumstances would allow, but it is supposed the greatest height of the ridge does not exceed the elevation of four thousand feet above the base of the mountain.

The expedition separated into two parties near the point on the Arkansas, designated on the maps as Pike's block house.

The one party, under the command of Maj. Long, proceeded thence with a view to strike the head waters of Red River. But, it appears, the maps which we have are very defective, the courses of the rivers being almost wholly conjectural, and often entirely fabulous. The expedition did not attain the object sought, because it was not to be found where it is laid down on the maps, and fell upon the waters of the Canadian fork of the Arkansas, which it pursued, and terminated its tour at Belle Point, on the Arkansas, the post mentioned in the late message of the President to Congress, as being the advanced post of our cordon in that direction.

The other party, under the command of Captain Bell, proceeded down the Arkansas to Belle Point, which place they reached on the 9th of Sept. after an absence of three months from the haunts of civilization.

Below the first fork of the Arkansas, as it was named by Pike, they met several hunting parties of strange Indians, whose names even have rarely, if ever, been heard of before, belonging to the tribes of the Arrapahoes, the Kaskayas, the Kiawas, and the Chayennes. They are frequently, and perhaps at present, engaged in war with the Pawnees, Osages, and other tribes of whom we have some knowledge. Of

the Indians met by our party none have ever been into our settlements. They appeared to be wholly ignorant of the existence of such a people as those of the United States, or indeed of the existence of any people of a fairer complexion than the inhabitants of Mexico, or the adjacent Spanish provinces, of whom, it appeared, they had some knowledge. Being made to understand the existence of such a government, its power, and its humane policy, as exemplified in its treatment of other Indian tribes, they expressed a great desire to be taken by the hand by the United States, and to place themselves under our protection.

The topographers, medical gentlemen, and painters, attached to this expedition, have collected abundant materials for correcting some of the gross errors in the received geography of this part of our country, for making important additions to medical botany, and to the stock of our geological knowledge of our own territory; and the painters have many interesting and valuable sketches of the prominent features of the country. Besides possessing the government of such information as was indispensable to judicious arrangements for the support and protection of the American population penetrating into that country, this expedition ought, and we hope will, form the subject of one of the most attractive works ever published in this country.

What struck us most impressively in this brief narrative was, that some thousand miles on this side of our utmost western boundary, or, in other words, about half way between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean, an exploring party has met with several tribes of men, the aborigines and proprietors of the soil of the country, who were ignorant, not only of the existence of the people of the United States, but of the existence of a race of white people! It gives us an awful idea of the magnificent extent of the domain of the republic.

## The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

*Cornwall Coin.*—At the sale of Dr. Disney's collection of coins, in 1817, a fifty-five shilling piece of Oliver Cromwell, and known by the name of Oliver's Broad, sold for 109l.

A potatoe merchant, in the neigh-



bourhood of Covent Garden, a few years ago, found means of encreasing his customers, through the dispersion of a printed handbill, in which he enumerated the different names of potatoes in different countries, such as Dr. Anthony's pills, Munster plums, Irish apricots, Dungarvon almonds, Hibernian mandrake, Eastham Ginning, Windsor nutmegs, &c. and concluding with these lines, addressed to his countrymen:—

Vos Hiberni collocatis,  
Summum bonum in potatoes.

*Bon Mot of his present Majesty.*—His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, being present at a piquet party, in which Mr. Stepney and Mr. Church were opponents, the former gentleman went out for a king, but meeting with a disappointment, exclaimed with considerable warmth, 'By Jove, the King is against me;' to which his royal highness immediately replied, 'truly, Mr. Stepney, your case is piteable in the extreme, to have the King and Church against you; you cannot, therefore, hope to escape, but must suffer without benefit of clergy.'

Hogarth once entreated his friend Garrick to sit for his portrait, with which he complied; but while the painter was proceeding with his task, he mischievously altered his face, in a gradual change of features, so as to render the portrait perfectly unlike. Hogarth blamed the unlucky effort of his art, and began a second time, but with the same success. After getting out of temper, he essayed a third time, and did not discover the trick for some time. He then broke out into a most violent passion, and would have thrown his palette and pencils at the head of Garrick, if he had not made his escape from the variegated storm of colours that pursued him.

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#### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

The favours of Eliza and J. R. P. in an early number.

Several communications, intended for insertion this week, have been displaced by our extended review of the new Romance of Kenilworth.

We hesitate in deciding on the 'Loves of O'Rourke and Miss Dyer,' unless we had the whole poem before us; but we fear it would not exactly suit us.

We cannot serve Don Saltero, but if he possesses any share of the spirit of the Knight of La Mancha, he will rescue his Dulcinea from the intrusions of the reverend sexagenarian.

We wish the *Literary Chronicle* to be distinguished by the variety as well as the interest of its pages; it is on this account that we must close the correspondence on 'Clerical Dancing.'

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